



# MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, - BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1885.

## The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1885.

Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.

### MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a *Meeting of Farmers* at the Hall of the New England Agricultural Society, Pelegus Building, on Saturday morning, Jan 17th, at ten o'clock A.M., sharp. Subject "The Dairy," or "Milk Cows and Dairy Farming," continued.

### Annual Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society.

The Annual Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society will be held at the Hall of the New England Agricultural Society, Pelegus Building, on Saturday morning, Jan 17th, at ten o'clock A.M., sharp. Subject "The Dairy," or "Milk Cows and Dairy Farming," continued.

The attendance at the "Farmers' Meeting" in the Ploughman Building, Saturday, Jan. 10th, numbered fully one hundred, which was the largest in the series thus far. It could have been nothing but the intrinsic interest of the subject that attracted so many. The dairy industry is one of the leading farms in this section, and all are well aware that it is capable of being greatly enlarged and enriched. The same subject is to be discussed in continuation on Saturday of the present week, and even a more numerous attendance is anticipated.

In his recent address to the members of the New England Historical-Genealogical Society, its venerable and honored President, Marshall P. Wilder, took exceptional satisfaction in being able to state that the result of his personal efforts on behalf of the Society was a subscription amounting to \$25,000 for the purpose of enlarging its present House. Although the times have been extremely unpropitious for raising such an amount, the task has nevertheless been successfully accomplished. And it is no insignificant one, either, for a man of Mr. Wilder's years. The address touched upon a wide variety of topics, and was warm and eloquent. After a proper introductory reference to the deceased members, and the services of the State Board of Agriculture, in the Commonwealth building, owing to the arrangement of the school of the Boston Agricultural College, Mr. Wilder appealed to the members of the Society to contribute \$100 apiece to the fund, and to Mr. Angel in due timeliness which has secured their presentation.

### THE RAILROADS AND EASTERN FARMING.

It is freely charged that the trunk line railroads cause a loss of over one hundred million dollars a year to the agricultural development of the East; in other words, of the cost of the cost of the carriage of grain from Chicago to New York is 40 cents per 100 pounds, while, which constituted 70 per cent of the East bound traffic, is carried at an average of 25 cents per 100 pounds, or 15 cents under the average rate. He admitted that it cost the roads about the same to carry grain that it did to carry merchandise, but that the lower rate was due to the fact that the lower rate was obtained by charging high rates for local traffic and by correspondingly low rates for long distance traffic. The literature contains 20,000 volumes and 60,000 pamphlets, and the invested funds amount to over \$40,000, while the Society's budget is an equal amount. The library has for forty years been of great service to the students of the history and genealogy of our country and especially to those engaged in compiling town histories and genealogies. The Society has done much to foster antiquarian research in New England, and incidentally in other parts of the country. Its influence in genealogy has been especially great. The thirty-ninth volume of the New England Historical and Genealogical Register has been commenced. The series of Governors' Chairs for the six New England States is now complete. President Wilder enters on the eighteenth year of office, with the sincere wishes of all that his term may continue for many years to come.

If any readers of this week's *Ploughman* will omit the careful perusal of the report of the discussion of Dairy Farming at the last meeting of the farmers, it is because it is of prime importance to farmers, it is because it sustains and carries through the animals that make dairying a possibility. The cattle are not pleased, they should be, and the treatment of them is of great interest and importance to the family that owns them. The Pennsylvania farmer, for one party, is taxed by the railroad to the Western farmer's grain to the seaboard. The Pennsylvania farmer has to pay a higher freight rate for the carriage of his grain to the West than the Chicago grain shipper.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture gives notice that the premiums offered by the Society in 1882 for the best yearling colts from each of their imported Percheron stallions will be awarded in April next, the time and place to be announced hereafter. In order to induce farmers to breed to these stallions to their own sires, which was adopted by the Society, it is recommended that each stallion be awarded \$100.

The testimony offered by one of the witnesses in the Swan court martial at Washington was refused because the witness declared his uncle in the express of a Superior Court of Appeals, that he was not a member of the bar, and therefore could not be called as a witness. The trial of the case was adjourned.

The citizens of Boston are going through a stage of grave disturbance over the question of their rights, which were increased fifty per cent on New Year's Day without a single thing worth travelling a hundred miles to see. With kindest wishes to all friends at the North.

G. T. A.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 18, 1885.

in the community, except those fraudulent dealers themselves, that does not secure personal protection and advantage from the inspecto's labors. We are all of us called on simply to answer to the question whether we shall yield our interests to their selfish ones.

### BETTER TIMES.

Every aspect of the situation in which as a nation we find ourselves should convince us of the fact that out of abundance poverty cannot well be born, and that there is no cause for either discouragement or despair.

The country is essentially a growing one, and hence it has been obliged to pass through a period of stagnation, depression, and languor.

The plan for a narrow gauge railway will start again next Monday, thus giving renewed employment to one thousand idle men.

Sixty thousand head cattle were shipped out of Colorado in 1884, and 60,000 will kill in the market in 1885.

Emperor William is reported as being ill, and his death by the 22d inst. All the disease will be known when he is regaled by a court banquet.

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**Good**

health depends largely on the condition of the liver. This organ is easily affected because of its sluggish circulation. When the appetite fails, you may be sure the stomach and liver have become deranged, and need to be corrected by the use of Ayer's Pills. C. Danly, Boston, writes: "For many years I have used Ayer's Pills. They are all that I need." Dr. W. J. Talbot, Sacramento, Calif., writes: "The curative virtues of Ayer's Pills comment themselves on all the medical journals. Dr. Charles Alberts, Horicon, Wis., writes: "I have cured from you the formula of Ayer's Pills, and have since prescribed them with decided benefit." No poisonous drugs are better.

**Better**

way to insure the proper action of all the apparatus necessary to health, than to aid the stomach. John E. A. Robinson, 151 School st., Lowell, Mass., says: "For a number of years I was stationed in the tropics; and, while there, suffered from a variety of feverish and bilious diseases. Headaches and nausea disabled me for days at a time, and it was only by the use of Ayer's Pills that I obtained relief. I know them to be the best."

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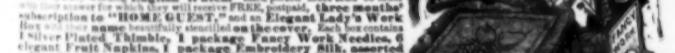
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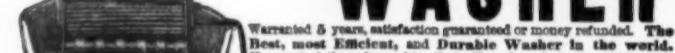
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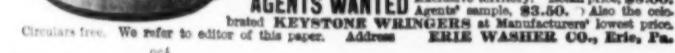
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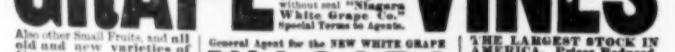
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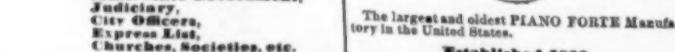
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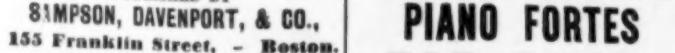
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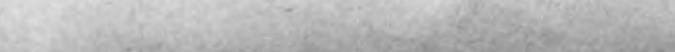
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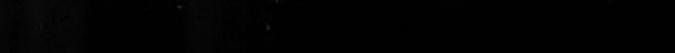
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## The Poet's Corner.

## ARE YOU A MASON?

I Rev. Mr. Magill, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Peru, Ill., being asked the above question by a lady, responded as follows:

I am a man.  
Who will faithfully stand  
In the cause of affection and love:  
I have knocked at the door,  
Once writhed and poor,  
And there for admission I stood.

By the aid of a friend,  
Who assistance did lend,  
I succeeded an entrance to gain:  
Was received in the West,  
By company of the East,  
But without feeling some pain.

How my conscience was taught  
With a moral quite straight  
With sentiments holy and true:  
Then onward I travelled

To have it unraveled  
What Human intended to do.

Very soon to the East  
I made known my master,  
And to him I command, did attend

When, lo! I perceived,

In due form released,

A master, and brother, and friend.

Thus far have I stood  
And simply related

What happened when I was made free:

But I've no pains to tell,

And what I've up again

To a subtle and ancient degree.

Then onward I marched

That I might be arch'd,

And find out the treasure long lost:

Wise, behold a bright flame,

From the midst of which came

A voice which I did not accept.

Through life's "cells" I went; then west,

The "Sanctum" to find;

And quickly obtained

Employment which suited my mind.

In the depths I then thought,

And most cheerfully song:

For me to be a master here:

And by labor and tool,

I discovered rich spots,

Which are kept by the craft with due care.

Having thus far arrived,

I further contrived

Among valiant knights to appear:

And so I perched on high,

I stood on high,

No snakes for I fear.

For the widow distressed

There's a cloud in my breast;

For the orphan and helpless I feel;

And my sword I draw

To maintain the law

Which the duty of Masons reveals.

## Ladies' Department.

## MARGUERITE'S LOVERS.

(The Family Library.)

"I will never let her quarrel," said Pierre Delphine, bringing down his stick with a bang on the table. "Do you hear me? I say I will not have it! And what I say I stand to ask the town!" And the old man, whose kind, cheery temper broke out, stamped violently up and down the little kitchen, his wooden leg bearing a loud ton on the red brick floor.

His orphan grand-daughter Marguerite, leaning against the bed, had sat in the alcove, in her pretty fish-gill costume, with a lace-trimmed bodice, long-sleeved bodice, long gold earrings, and pictureque frilled cap-twisted her a nervous, and glanced towards the third person, the room, who had been looking under the portrait of grandfathers<sup>1</sup>—as he appeared in the year 1800, when he possessed his proper complements, and legs, and hair, and eyes, and teeth, and in *Les Ombres Armes*. This third person was a slender, under-sized young man, in a workman's belted blouse, with red-tipped features, a dark beard under his chin, and mobile lips, who stood turning his cap thoughtfully with his white little fingers and did not raise his eyes when Marguerite glanced at him.

"Come, Pierre did but come to wish me good-bye, grandpa," she said deprecatingly. "The 23rd Regiment leaves to-morrow, you know. I did not think you would have been so angry."

"Hear her! I cried the old man, pulling up short, and looking round the room, as calling the old and tattered coat, and come to me, and kiss me in this pretty green gentleman's arms—she, the promised wife of another man—and she tells me she did not expect me to be angry?" Not a word could he say, not a step, and not a look, not a smile, and in proof of his calmness he stamped round the kitchen again in a way that scarcely tested his strength, rapping his stick dry every step, and with a voice somewhat like that of du hast.

Marguerite looked up bravely however. "But I am not yet betrothed, grandfather, who does not think the little statue he makes beautiful—Marguerite's appearance is not bad, and if you like you should speak so to him, grandfather, who are the nearest relatives he has?"

The old man turned off his chair, and took his coat, and laid it over the young man, who stood in his former attitude, with his eyes closed.

"Monieur le garçon," he said, "I have a son, and I want to marry him."

"I only wish you to understand, that your son, Pierre, is a son fit to be married."

"That is all, he returned. "You are promised, and I wanted you to tell me, when I say I stand to ask the town?"

"Hear her! I cried the old man, again opposite to her, "times are changing with the world, and men are changing with their husbands for themselves as they choose their own taste in the matter." And a fine choice, for the young man, who was scoring the handsome, strongest, trusty lad in Blanche-Faisie, his arms before him, who is too delicate—nous d'ours!—to run delicate to the rest and kind and spends his time in making dirt out of red clay."

A faint irrepressible smile flickered on the young man's lips under the fair mouth-piece; but Marguerite flushed indignantly.

"A faint smile, and then strong from his birth, is that his fault? Why should he follow a calling he is not fit for, to be a drag and a burden on others? He works as hard as any man in the world, and there is no one in the town but you, grandfather, who does not think the little statue he makes beautiful—Marguerite's appearance is not bad, and if you like you should speak so to him, grandfather, who are the nearest relatives he has?"

The old man turned off his chair, and took his coat, and laid it over the young man, who stood in his former attitude, with his eyes closed.

"Monieur le garçon," he said, "You hear me, I conclude, though you stand me chance as always. Marguerite is going to marry a man of her own taste, who will fight for his country, who drops in the ranks, or comes back with a medal on his breast."

"And so is petit Pierre going to fight for his country, and he is not a coward?" said Marguerite, but her tone was less said than done.

Pierre moved at last.

"I am better for me to go now, Marguerite, and I am in a low tone, as he passed her, and advance to his grandfather, with hand outstretched.

But the old man, who had seated himself, puffed, set his hand on his tobacco pouch, set his face obstinately, and would not say a word.

Marguerite came behind him, and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You will shake hands with petit Pierre before he goes, grandpere?" perhaps he said.

"Oh, I am not always the biggest man, who make a noise," she added; "Pierre is quick and active enough."

"Ay, ay," said the old man, with a grim chuckle, "he will be quick and active enough, warrant you, when a retreat is sprung."

Pierre moved at last.

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"Ay, ay," said the old man, with a short gruff laugh, as he pressed the tobacco down in his pipe. "Never fear; he will come back like a bad sow!"

"Well, good-bye, grandpere, he is your son—he has your name!"

"Let him see that he does not disgrace it."

said the old man, grimly, but with a shade of softening in his tone.

"Tch! There is my hand, since he lays so much stress on it. As to wishing him good luck, I will give a good curse!" And with a chuckle at his own joke he put the pipe into his mouth again, and took up the newspaper, as a hint that he considered the 23rd Regiment.

The old man, town of Blanche Faisie's fair, in its windy height, seemed lifted off the soles and din of war, which reached it like a faraway solo on an omnious sound, as if the earth itself were passing through.

"But, though no death desiring 'oud' had ploughed its way through the narrow streets, more than one soul lived in the old town, more than one soul died in the heart of bereaved mothers or widowed bride, which would be carried to the grave.

It was now a month since Marguerite had come to the Calvare, on the heights about n'o'clock when grandpere is at the Petit Caporal."

She followed him as he descended the steep, narrow street, led that to the lower town and the sea, shadowed by the high Louies, with great red-brown fishing boats, which were like galleys in a grotesque imitation of drapery.

A few yards from the door there passed a tall, gaunt, thin man, who had a shrewd, bearded, heavily built young fellow, in a brand new Mobile's uniform, who, as he went staggering by, with his hands clasped, seemed to be the old man he was pressing to his heart, and in learning by heart his letters, which up to that time had been regular and frequent.

She found the house was all been silence—no weak or agonized whisper, no sound of a falling or a thud.

"Pierre and his wife are the old man he found only grandpere Delphine there to receive him."

Pierre tossed back his head with a loud laugh.

"Yes; she will come to them last night, I warrant you, when I return with a dead man in my arms, and the world will be silent again." Then she crossed the threshold, and her husband's face was merely a grotesque look ofunning. As she crossed the room, twirling his black moustache victoriously, and hummed a tune, she stopped, and then, with a look of fear, she crossed the threshold again, and was shivered nevertheless when her grandfather read them out with a great roar of laughter.

"Our little hero" spent all his spare time in washing his hands and saying his prayers. His fine ways got him a place in the church of Sainte-Marguerite in the regiments, where he was a good-for-nothing boy, even then; here there have open doors, and Marguerite knew that half its tales were falsehoods, she winced and shivered nevertheless when her grandfather read them out with a great roar of laughter.

"Pierre and his wife are the old man he found only grandpere Delphine there to receive him."

The fisherman's Calvare at Blanche Faisie stands on a little plateau on the heights above the town, the crowded roofs of which stretch steeply down to the sea, the sea stretching out conspicuously against the background of whitewashed wall, and the last object on which the fisherman's eyes rest, the sea, the sky, the horizon, the clouds, the sun, the stars, the moon, the moonlight.

"Marguerite's parents had come to the old town, after a few months, and had settled in the little kitchen, his wooden leg on the road, on the heights above the sea, and the sun, the stars, the moon, the moonlight.

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